Arrow Shields.

The other day I saw a little, modern book, in a green cover, on a table in a drawing room. I picked it up. It was about the early French in Canada, and my eye fell on a copy of a drawing by their leader, Champlin, or Champlain. The scene represented was an attack by the native allies of the French, the Algonquins, on a fort held by Iroquois. The Algonquins advanced through showers of arrows under shields nearly as tall as themselves, like doors with rounded tops. Now, you may see exactly the same sort of shields in a picture of a lion hunt, inlaid in gold and silver, on the bronze blade of a dagger found by Dr. Schliemann in "the grave of Agamemnon." These monstrous Mycenaean shields cause much discussion among the learned. Why were they so huge? The Algonquins used the very same shields, hung from their necks, and the reason was the same—their battles were battles of archers, and nobody can parry a shower of arrows with a smaller shield. Shields grew small in Greece as bow and arrow went out and sword and spear came in.—London Illustrated News.

The Fiddle Drill.

The "fiddle drill" is one of the oldest stonecutting tools in existence. It is said to antedate Greek sculpture and is in use today in about the same form as it was 2,000 years ago. As its name implies, its action resembles a fiddle. The drill is of two pieces. In one hand a carver holds the drill stock, which is like a carpenter's brace, except that it is straight instead of having a crank. In the other hand he holds the "bow," which is strung with a brass wire and which is given a turn around the drill stock. To use the drill the carver places the drill stock against his breast, holding it with his left hand, and with his right he draws the bow back and forth, fiddle fashion. This imparts a rotary motion to the drill stock, and the drill is ground to cut in either way it turns. The fiddle drill is used in the finest work, in crevices where the sculptor could not reach with his chisel and hammer without endangering the carving.

The Worrying Habit.

I asked a physician what cure he would suggest for the worrying habit. "I would prescribe common sense," he said. "And if a man or woman hasn't got a stock on hand and can't cultivate one no doctor can give it to him or her. This worrying nonsense grows. The best means to cure it lies in the hands of the woman herself. If she will just call a little common sense to her aid, resolve not to borrow trouble, to be cheerful and think upon the best side of things, she will live longer and retain her beauty longer. Every woman wants to keep beautiful to the last. Why does she take the course which is sure to make her yellow skinned, dull eyed and thoroughly unlovely?"

Why, indeed?—New York Globe.

Vanilla.

It is curious to read that vanilla was employed by the Aztecs of Mexico as an ingredient in the manufacture of chocolate prior to the discovery of America by the Spaniards and that it was brought to Europe as a perfume with indigo, cochineal and cacao ten years before the arrival of tobacco on our shores. The name vanilla is derived from the Spanish vaina, a pod or capsule. Dampier described it as a little pod full of small black seeds and like the stem of a tobacco leaf, so much so that his men when they found the dried pods at first threw them away, "wondering why the Spaniards should lay up tobacco stems."—Chambers' Journal.

The Canadian Line.

The boundary line between Canada and the United States is marked with iron posts at mile intervals for a great part of its length. Cairns, earth mounds and timber posts are also used, and through the forests and swamps a line a rod wide, clear of trees and underwood, has been cut. Across the lakes artificial islands have been made to support the cairns, which rise about eight feet above the high water mark.—Exchange.

Foolish.

By six causes a fool may be known: Anger without cause; speech without profit; change without motive; inquiry without an object; putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to distinguish between friend and foe.

Puzzled.

Johnnie—What does that notice say over there, mother? Mother—It says, "No dogs admitted." Johnnie—But the dogs can't read, can they? How are they to know?